

Exodus

This is really a message to the class of '64 Others read it at their peril. You are "a great bunch." You are leaving a lasting impression on all of us who remain. We are sorry to see you go.

We are confident we shall hear from you as time passes. Hopefully, often. And favorably. Many of you will be back from time to time because, if you've learned one thing, it is that there is more to learn. Today's answers are not necessarily tomorrow's. So continu-

ing education becomes a necessity, a practical necessity. You can continue to learn here.

Some of you will return to teach us. We can always learn from you, in classrooms, in President's Hours, and in casual visits to us.

Some of you will say, publicly, "From these humble beginnings at Greenfield Community College . . ."

Won't you plan, now, individually and as a class, to make of "homecoming" an annual habit?

Will you plan, now, to join us in all sorts of ventures, all year 'round, to

help new students see what's what, to profit from your experiences. I look forward to your continuing participation—in President's Hours, on advisory committees, in classroom discussions, in alumni organizations and activity, in recruiting students, who like yourselves, can profit from learning here. In ways we don't even imagine now.

You should feel, in short, that the College's interest in you and your interest in the College is only at its Commencement, its beginning. We are personally interested in you.

You will always be welcome here.

Walter M. Taylor, President

Congratulations to the Class of 1964



PROMETHEUS

*He gave man speech, And speech created thought,
Which is the measure of the universe.*

Vol. II Issue VII

Greenfield Community College

June, 1964

The Soothsayer's Forecast

I PREDICT

Andy Bullard will make something out of himself.

Kathy Curtiss will get a job on a ranch out West (She walks like a real cowboy).

Val Grant will be voiceless by the age of 25.

Charlie Davis will be the best photographer *Playboy* ever had.

Jim Greenleaf will become a history teacher, but will give it up after one semester with the monsters.

Dave Gribbon will invent a new motor vehicle — Gribbacycle.

Pat Griffin will someday be known as Father Patrick J. Griffin.

Conrad Halberg will be assistant program director for a show called *The Nurses*.

Norm Hall will return to G.C.C.

Nellie Harvey will—no one can predict for her, sorry.

Doris Hodges will put a large dent in her new Caddie and make old Dad awfully unhappy.

Jo Kabanec will be back on her feet in no time.

Jo Lawler will—Dex, can you help me out?

Jim Lawlor will get this girl business all straightened out some day.

Bill Lawlor will analyze himself and give up ever wanting to become a psychologist.

Marty Luey will join a primitive tribe and become its witch doctor.

Jack Magner will go two more years at G.C.C. just to prove he can get a 'B' in French.

Jean McMahon will become one of the top ten *Playboy* bunnies in 1970.

Gene Piasecki will still be playing the field when he is 65 — and single.

Jim Richotte will major in English.

Jean Ross will learn not to talk in class—particularly music class.

John Shaw will sell insurance to all students who dare to use the G.C.C. parking lot.

Dick Knowlton will own his own book store on the left bank in Paris.

John Wesolowski will become Mr. Peck's assistant.

Judy Stillson will finally settle in one part of the country long enough to find one steady boy friend to take the place of 7 air mail stamps.

Compiled by
Dave Buell '65

No More Midnight Oil?

So, you are all through school for the year, are you — no more tests to sweat, no more midnight oil to burn, and no more reading — until next September ? ? ? You are due for three months vacation; you earned it. Actually you are no different than any other student who around this time of year begins to feel that he deserves a break,

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Goal--A Successful Intermural Program

There has been some talk about the college concerning inter-collegiate sports. The fact of the matter is that a successful intermural program has to be established first. Some may ask what constitutes a successful intermural program. At G.C.C., as at other community colleges (state), seventy-five per cent of the student body has to participate in such a program.

The fellows (and a few girls in bowling) who participated in this year's program worked very hard and had some success. But one can't say that seventy-five per cent of the student body participated. In order to reach this goal, a great deal more interest will have to be shown, not only by the males, but by the females too.

In conclusion I would like to stress that the intermural program become a successful one as soon as possible, because, as the enrollment of G.C.C. increases, this percentage will become harder and harder to reach.

J. W.

Browsing

THE WORLD IS A WEDDING
by Bernard Kops

It is difficult to describe the fascination of this book. Ostensibly, it is the autobiography of one of Britain's angry young men. But it is much more: in its sometimes painfully frank manner, it tells the strangely moving tale of a boy who, grows up and lives in contemporary England, yet experiences a life that is completely foreign to the average modern western man. We read of life in a Jewish enclave in the London slums, of bewildering situations that confront Kops when, as a child, he is evacuated to the country during Hitler's blitzkrieg, of drug addiction and aimless wanderings, and always of intellectual growth under most inauspicious circumstances.

THE BALLAD MONGERS
by Oscar Brand

Oscar Brand, one of the foremost people in the folk song business, tells of his early ballad singing days and his experiences with other great people like Baez, Lomax, Ledbetter, Huston, Seeger, and the Weavers. Brand ac-

counts for the early beginning of folk songs in America during the Revolutionary War and the culmination of their popularity during the period of 1920-1940. The book is a good depiction of the true involvement of the folk song business which has become so popular again today.

BREATHING OF FIRST THINGS
by Hy Sobilloff

Hy Sobilloff is one who pauses to observe a game of jump rope, the city treetops, and an ant hill. In this book of poems, he recreates the often forgotten pleasures of childhood. He explores the world through the eyes of a child, asking the child to tell him what he sees and feels. Through vivid, well-chosen scenes, the reader is able to experience the joys of the world with a new awareness of beauty and meaning.

THE RISK TAKER
by Hugh McLeave

Written in terms expressly for the layman, this book tells the story of modern heart surgery, emphasizing the struggle of surgeons and technicians to overcome the public delusion that the heart is a "frail and delicate organ," not to be handled by man. Upon entering the operating room the reader becomes a viewer of history, seeing such first-time operations as: life given to a blue baby, the opening of clogged heart chambers and valves, and, most amazing of all, seeing life restored to the dead.

Nancy Reed '65

MIDNIGHT OIL?—

(Continued from Page 1)

who plans a wild or sedate summer. He plans to enjoy himself.

I too plan to enjoy the summer, but I'm not going to completely forget about school. I will be returning in three short months, as will most of you. I plan to gain something in three months that will, if not help me when back in school, certainly help me to develop my mind for the future. I plan to do some reading and plenty of it.

If you must excommunicate yourself in all ways from school, don't do it until you have "knocked off" the five books suggested for summer reading. If you're not returning to G.C.C., read them anyway; give yourself a break. Force yourself to read them if necessary.

Don't, however, let the reading of five books be an end in itself. When you

have finished, keep right on reaching for novels, short stories, magazines, newspapers, text books. You won't notice any results right away, but you will be better off, a little more educated, whether you will be a student next year or not.

Dave Buell '65

Music Room Needed

G.C.C. needs a music room, a room conducive to listening to records. Fine Arts and student interest in music make the need more obvious. Such a room would be beneficial not only to the students using it, but also to other students, who would otherwise be disturbed by the playing of the records, for at the present time the sound filters into the library and elsewhere in the building.

A music room, one would speculate, will be one of the things considered in the plans for the new building and campus of G.C.C. Students still wish, however, that a music room was one of those things which one could beg, borrow, or steal.

Charlotte McCobb '65

G.C.C. Receives Grant Of \$3870

The Greenfield Community College has received a federal grant of \$3870 for science equipment and material. G.C.C. was one of two junior colleges in New England and one of twenty-two in the nation to qualify for such a grant. It was the only state community college in Mass. winning this distinction.

Dr. Warren Johanson, who will administer the grant in the name of the college, was instrumental in preparing applications for and securing the grant.

Dr. Johanson said that although the grant is a step forward, it only begins to fill the school's needs for science equipment.

PROMETHEUS

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A Flash Of Color

A flash of color across the sky
A chorus of screaming bird-like cries
An eagle of blinding color and speed
Rushes to corner a goose's lead.

The forest is alive with the flutter
of wings
And the echoes of a million things
Only a minute before the scene was
silence
Now it becomes terror and violence.

Two birds unlike each other in shape
and size
Struggle to defeat the other and win
the prize
The larger aggressive and far from
weak
The smaller trembling — and meek.

Two creatures fighting for life
Two forest animals engaged in strife
The victor emerges bleeding and torn
Yet soon falls dead, limp and worn.

Pamela Metaxas '65
Creative Writing Seminar

Japanese Haiku

Even the giant crab
Molts its skin several times
Before adulthood.

Indian madras,
English oxford, French perfume—
American girl.

The potter's field
Has no human gardener—
Yet it flourishes.

The midge is a most
Therapeutic being for
The average man.

Marion Bliss '65
Creative Writing Seminar

Rain On

To some people rain speaks. To me rain draws a picture. A picture of two lovers; drenched, running down the street hand in hand, looking for shelter but not caring whether they find it or not; laughing at each other for not caring; crying a little inside, knowing the rain will soon stop and the sun will end their childish frolic.

Dave Buell '65

The Potato Peeler

Coarse, heavy hand registering outward
strife,
Cracked, seamy hand grappling with a
paring knife
Awkwardly, stubbornly performing its
task—
Gouging, carving away a potato's mask.

Smooth, white hand initiated to life,
Fine-textured, firm hand grasping the
paring knife
Hesitantly, delicately working away—
She—slicing, peeling—humming a
roundelay.

Wrinkled, wizened hand of a patient
wife,
Small, shaky, pallid hand clutching the
worn knife
Slowly, painfully chiseling the harsh
skin—
Cutting jagged, rough, thick parings,
never thin.

Marion Bliss '65
Creative Writing Seminar

Kissing The Sky

It seemed easy at first. All I had to do was float out, turn the surfboard around to face the shore and wait for the wave. Suddenly, I spotted the breakers — barely ten seconds away. I had already propped myself up slowly and was now trying to establish the balance I would need later on. Then I felt the wave. I was on the crest and seemed to be kissing the sky. All at once the water and rushing air beat my face. I couldn't see but it didn't matter. Down again and up; always balancing, always right leg a bit ahead of the left, always holding arms out straight. The blues, greens, and whites blended carelessly. Nothing was real but me. Nothing mattered but keeping that balance. I was confident because I was winning. And I felt good. But then something went wrong. The crest had dipped and had brought another wave over the front of the board. The balance was upset and I slipped. The air had now become water, and the water had become dark. Then I could see nothing else.

Pamela Metaxas '65
Creative Writing Seminar



Honesty

Work, struggle, slave,
Be honest 'till the grave.
Come home to your dish,
A piece of bread and a wish.
Look about and see,
The happiness there can be.
Dishes filled with meat,
By livelihood of cheat.
See temptations of glorious gold,
But be honest 'till old.
Look up into the heavens and
pray,
Honesty made you fail today.

Stacia Podlo '64
Creative Writing Seminar

Le Professeur

The chattering stopped the moment he opened the door to the lecture hall. With a firm step he approached the podium. Instead of spectacles balanced precariously on his nose, he wore severe, dark glasses. Instead of a dull grey suit, slightly baggy and well-worn, he wore a neat, trim, dark suit. He didn't even have a watch chain. Instead of a tie thrown over his shoulder, he had a ruler straight one. And instead of a shock of white hair combed indifferently, he had a tragically common blond crew cut. I had even expected him to begin by fumbling for a handkerchief. But instead he merely opened his notes and began to lecture. At the end of the hour I walked slowly out the door. I was very disappointed.

Pamela Metaxas '65
Creative Writing Seminar

The Bug

The bug crawled up.
The bug crawled down.
The bug crawled all around.
Then he stopped; wiggled his feet, and fell straight to the ground.

Dave Buell '65

Society is now one polished horde?
Formed for two tribes, the Bores and the Bored.



Quoth The THOG!

The oldest, shortest words — "yes" and "no" — are those which require the most thought.

Pythagoras

Although men are accused of not knowing their own weakness, yet perhaps as few know their own strength. It is in men as in soils, where sometimes there is a vein of gold which the owner knows not of.

Jonathan Swift

I've Forgotten

I've forgotten:

The telephone number I knew so well;
That certain permeating smell.
Soft hair I used to love to touch and
That pug nose I liked so much.
Deeds of love done unto me,
Deeds I was too blind to see.
Tears that were shed in vain
Never revealing all their pain.
Leaving her and what she meant
But feeling nothing as I went.
Happiness that I once knew,
Happiness and some love too.

Dave Buell '65

Reflections

He sat at the foot of the catalpa tree just outside of the Pine Gable's Home for the Aged, his figure bent and withered. He sat three yards from the main road remembering.

The woods lay before him—the familiar woods, his no more. The path sloped down gently until it disappeared in the overgrowth of blueberry bushes. As he walked the path he knew he would find fragile mayflowers, the

swamp framed in skunk cabbage, and dogtooth violets, yellow with brown-freckled leaves.

He neared the ledge, site of many daring episodes. Indians, mountain climbers, and outlaws once inhabited its hidden crevices. William Tells scaled its towering walls. An Indian maiden slept on a bed of ferns at its base.

Later a brilliant geologist discovered traces of iron ore in the pudding stone and extracted quartz from hidden caverns. An expert biologist classified the types of lichen clinging to the weathered rock. A learned archeologist searched for artifacts left by King Philip's tribe and a field engineer investigated the source of a subterranean river.

Time passed and the ledge became a refuge from the vicious world. Stern-faced adolescents here shared confidences and solved seemingly insurmountable problems.

He clambered down the ledge to the polywog pond. No more could he scoop masses of jelly into Mason jars. With a final nod to the skunk cabbage and the jack-in-the-pulpits, he climbed back to the top of the ledge. He hurried deeper into the woods.

On his left he spied a flaming clump of red columbine. God, how long had he spent searching for these rare blooms in past springs. He made a complete circuit of the woods taking in the birch, shag-bark walnut and beech-nut trees. He stooped to clutch a handful of the dark, sweet-smelling earth.

Too suddenly he came upon the wild purple violets which backed the shooting range. He reached the bar-way and climbed over the fence. He glanced at the clover field and the raspberry bushes.

As he hurried through the pasture toward the chicken coops, he remembered the sweet smell of wind-rowed hay; he tasted the cool lemonade and bounced happily on the back of the hay truck.

The chicken coops were silent. He remembered talking to the chickens while he collected the eggs, and standing on tiptoe to hook the door.

The barn came into view. The barn with its hayloft, the new born kittens with their eyes still shut, "Sugar Pie" the cow, and the soft balls of yellow fuzz which were hatched in the incubator.

The well, the sand pile, the corn crib, and the gardens; the cherry, apple, and pear trees; the forsythia, lilac, and syringa bushes—all were so much a part of it.

Marion Bliss '65
Creative Writing Seminar